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Boetry.

A PORTICAL PLEA FOR LIBERTY-The following poem is one of the early productions of an amateur editorial friend, of whose postical tendencies we believe our columns have not beretofore afforded a specimen. Like the editor of the Columbian, we have rejected it "not only on account of septiments with the world-pervading outhusiasm | marrys' -not to say fover-now so extensively awaying -not to say force—now so extensively awaying the popular pulse, in regard to ill fated Hungary and Mr. Gayland, stooping to a pale, sober, look-and her eloquent missionary chieftain." and her eloquent missionary chieftain."
LINES ON GHRECE.

Recited by the author, in the Cincinnati Theatre, F. bruney Ulfa, 18th, at a Theopian performance for the benefit of the Greeky which result-ed in a contribution of \$300 to the Greek Fand, in Now York.

BY PEYTON S. ATMINES. WHEN lowly Merit teels minfortune's blow, And seeks relief from penury and weHow bounds with rapture every generous. Heart,
To share its treasures, and its hopes impart,
As, rising o'er the sordid last of gold.

And, if a stay's sufferor thus may find Each ope o'erflowing, and each bosom hind, How bootd we feel when Notions from the air the bost was a sufficient of Wildrey and Berneit I. Investor and protons Garrent appear appear Recites the harmwing story of her woes, Since first the Turkish crescent o'er her rose, And aska of free Augusta, the aid

ch lies in decry Pausman's heart and blude ! Such is the land which now contends alone, a proud deflacte of a Tyrant's throse; length whose sway for centuries the bore

The long, dark night of stern Oppression's reign
At last is o'er—and Freedom smiles again;
Smiles to beso'd how all defacing Time
Has awept in vain o'er that daigntist Clime,
Nor yet anbused the apirst which, of yore,
Sned glory's halo round her classic shore!
What though her Towers are fall'n, her Arts de-

cayed.

Not time alone the mournful change bath mader
'fwan slavery's mildew breath, and Rapine' away, That tore her sculptured Monaments away,-Till, ev'n within Minen va's secred Dome, The Mosque has found a desolated home!

And shall Columbia's Rulers coldly stand, With listless gaze, and unextended hand, Till Greece, reconstrate, shall her freedom find,— Or firmer fetters Tyranny rebind? Must Greece, the impiring theme of bard and

The pride of every lettered clime and age; The pride of avery lettered clime and age;
Preased by her impious formen, vainly atrive.
To keep the hallowed flame of Hope slive,—
Without one friendly arm the sword to wield,
In Francoi's tailer, on Glory's battle field;
Profield t, fleavent—or be the tale unknown.
That "twas not thus our Sires achieved the

In vain her Poeta aung, her Heroes fought; In vain her cages stretched the counds of the And walniy, matchless Phidian toiled for the Shunki now a dunkless world deny the clair And yet, when in our Councils lately rose The voice of sympathy for Gracian wors, The noblest efforts of her Champions failed and cald mistrust o'er eloquence prevailed

And cold mintrust o'er eloquence prevailed!

Yet—though our cautious Gountry may not send fler Ficot, the cause of Freedom to defend,—
sest A flied jealousy the act should view.

As fraught with danger to the Kingiy crew:—
Though, by our Statesmen, it is deemed unaste.
The angry Lions in their lair to chisip—
Lest we should rouse them to a nimbler leng,
O'er the rude surges of "the vasty deep,"
And find, too late—by savage force o'erpowered,
We are not ev'n "the iner to be devoured?"—
Though maither Turkish laith, and Mealem laws,
Mush be invaded—even in the sacred cause.!
Which aims to reaccu from enthrailing chains.
Heroic Millions,—in whose fervid veins
The swelling current of the Patriot flown,—
In whose proud hearts the Sparian's ardor glows
Though mathing, now, shall She dave to give
To be, who nobly serms in chains to five!—
Still may each Kindred Spirit picul her cause,
Nor wait the lingering sanction of our Laws:—
Nor wait the lingering sanction four laws:—
Nor wait the lingering sanction of our laws:—
Amid whose groves the yours, Thatta atrayed,
Amid whose groves the yours, Thatta atrayed, e groves the young Trasta strayed, Tuneful Nine their earliest powers

Nor shall the boon be louts-though small the fund,
Twill norve the warrier sarm, when per is come,
To know a Christian People's Frayers arise,
With hope-inapiring arder, to the skies.
That Heaven's Almighty Arm may interpose,
Amp Geners by assessed from his first rough

A Posus .- In this very city, not long since, one of our ministers was holding forth to his congregation upon the solemn fact that no man can ain without an adequate degree of autfaring. He waxed warm in his discourse-expatiated upon the tortured heart of the confirmed sinner, and introduced numerous arguments to

sastain his position.
"My friends; he excluimed, "sin sears and "My friends; he crelaimed, "sin sears and hurns the heart that gives it a home, and you also was amusing herself by jesting with a most cannot receive it without suffering its coases true and faithful heart.

from the galleries, and though the whisper had and her family were kept ignorant of his wealth, been intended only for the benefit of a chosen Had Harvey told them all, he might of gained from wet it reached to all parts of the house, few, yet it reached to all parts of the house, and instantly all eyes were turned to that spot in the singing seats where sat a wicked wag, whose left arm, from the elbow down, was com-

posed of wood! The minister's illustration lost its effect,

Selected Cale.

AMBITION AND REVENGE.

"My dear, what are we to do with our girls?" asked Mrs. Gayland of her husband, one fine

evening in May.
"Our girls!" repeated that gentleman in ap-parent autonishment; "why, what's the matter with them?" "How provoking you are, Mr. Gayland, you

know very well what I mean!"
"How should I, my dear? Our girls were all well enough at dinner time, I hope nothing has happened to them since."

Mrs. Gayland bit her lips with vesation as

she rose to leave the room, but before she had reached the door her maternal soliciteds prevailod against her anger; she seated herself by her husband's side and said, in her most winning ac-

"But don't you think, my dear, it is time some of our girls were married?" "Ha, ha, ha," burst from the lips of the old gentleman; "is that all; how relieved I feel," "But, Mr. Gayland, Kate and Irene (they the classic refuleixences it is calculated to awak-en, but for the general coincidence of its tone and property and property are now even old enough to

A look of contempt was cast on the offensive child by her mother, as she answered:

"I'shaw ! I will keep Lillie to tend the kitch-en; she is too homely ever to get a husband." This was the most unfortunate remark Mrs. Gayland could have made, for Lillie was her father's pet. He loved her better than either of

his grown-up daughters, and for this reason-Mr. Gayland was a very good tempered man, but one word against his darling child was enough to excite his anger a long time. On this occasion he jamped up and walked the floor a few minutes, then sitting down and taking Lillie on his knee, he said to his wife, in a voice

of stern calmuess.

"Maria, how can you be so unnatural a mother as to hate your youngest born, because she is cr as to hate your youngest corns, because she is weakly and not handsome? I tell you," he consinued, raising his voice, "her heart and mine are priceless gens in comparison with the vain beauty of Kate, Irene, and Lucia! And Florette, were it not for the atrong love she bears towards Harvey Leston, would be as heartless as your ambition has made her sisters."

Mrs. Gayland smiled disdainfully, at the con clusion of this speech, but only answered: Florette has more sense than you imagine.

Again she turned to leave the room, and again did the thoughts of her daughters bring her to her husband's side. "Morton, my errand here was to procure money

to take our beautiful girls to Saratoga." "Yes, to dispose of them, I presume."
"Certainly, if I can find any suitable matches

for them." "Suggess attend you," said the bushand, literally, as he rose and took from his deek notes to amount of a thousand dollars; "but stop, Florette is not to go with you?"

"No—her superior heauty would attract all attention from the other sisters. I shall leave her for your protege, Harvey Leston."

Mr. Gayland muttered a few angry words as

his ambitious wife left the room, then taking his dailing Lillie, he caressed her long and lov-ingly, while the poor, despised child uttered words so wise, so deep, that even the fond father himself was astonished. "Well, mamma," exclaimed the three oldest girls in a breath, "did you succeed?"

Yes, after presching me a long sermon about that stupid Lillie, he has given me one thousand dollars. "Oh well," said Irene, "that is better than I

never go? "Yes, and I suspect the reason why he con-sents is, that he wishes to be rid of us a while." "Am I to go, mamma", asked Florette, "No, my child, you must wait till next sum-

expected; you know he always vowed we should

nor; but you can amuse yourself with Harvey Leston, while we are absent."

The girls all burst into a merry laugh, "Yes, it is so amusing to listen to him someimes; what a simpleton he is, to think that

Florette, with all her beauty, will ever marry "Oh, well," said the beauty, tossing her head. I shall let him think so, till Hary Borwick gets home, then to finish the sport I shall refer him to papa, and then and it all by saying, that I

was only in a jest."

Poor Florette! She was indeed as heartless as her sisters. Harvey Leston, poor fellow, never amposted the plot laid against him; so while mamma and the Misses Garland coquetted at the springs, paps and Lillie studied in the library, he became the constant companion of the beautiful Florette—mitterpated her slightest wishes, and breathed into her car the sole sterring

effusion of the youthful genius. Harvey Lesion, despite his boyishness and awkwardness, was destined for a higher place among earth's nobles; destined to shine the brightest star of the galaxy of genius, Mr. Gay-land leved Flavey as a son. He appreciated the mobile qualities of his heart, and it was his ear-nest wish to see him mitted to Florette. But such was not the intention of Mrs. Gayland.— Florette was her most beautiful child, and she was taught to believe herself at least destined for the wife of a 'Lond'—so while her mother

quences. Where, where is the man who can place his hand in the finme and not suffer what no one else did—that he was heir to the immorane estate of a bachelor ancie. He wishes to be loved for himself alone, and so Floratt

> glish lord-but we think he seted wisely in keeping in the secret. Autumn returned; and with it came Mrs. Gayland and her daughters, rejeicing in their good fortunes. Kate had married a French

New York consists. "Well, Florette, said Mrs. Gayland," about a

week after her arrival, "how speeds the gallant Mr. Leston in his wouning?"
"He is to ask papa's consent to night," ansered Florette, somewhat saffly. "He will be very much disappointed, I fear, but I cannot think of marrying him, after seeing Kate's hus-

"Yes," said Irene, "and Mr. Northfield is much handsomer than the Count."
"And Frederick Augustus Dash, is handsomer

than either," drawled Miss Lucis.
"But," said Lillie, in a pleading voice, lifting her large derk eyes to the face of Florette, "Harvey is good."
A torrent of abuse drove the unhappy child

her father's study, and with him she found Harvey Leston. "Lillis, my love," said ner father, "goland call Florette. The child obeyed, and soon returned with her

nister, who asked very innocently"What do you want of me, papa?"

"I want to you want of me, papar
"I want to congratulate you, my dear child,
in your happy choise of a hu-band."
"A husband, papa, what do you mean?"
The good old goutleman looked first at Harvey, then at his daughter Florette:
"Did you not send Harvey to me?"
"He was here fooligh as to sak you?" "In, pa, was he so foolish as to ask you?

really was in a jest."
"In jest!" said the young man rising from his seat and turning deadly pule; "and pechaps it was in jest that you have so many times promised to be mine. Speak Figrette, is it so?"

The young girl trembled as she gazed upon

his pallid face, yet with a smile she auswered: Certainly, dear Harvey. I was in jest all the time, and I thought you were, also,"

Mr. Gayland had listened in stupid amaze. ment to Florette's heartless confession. He had never imagined that one of his eldest daughters could be guilty of so base an act, much less ber whom he believed so pure and guileless. He spoke not, but pointed to the door as Florette

closed it. Harvey fell upon his knees, and the large test draps rolled resided down his Lillie weps bitterly. She loved Harvey, and throwing her arms around his neck, she whis-"Don't cry, Harvey, I'll be your wife."

These childish words instantly dried up his tears. He pressed her to his heart and answer-000

never leave nor laugh at me, as Florette has "No, no, no, dear Harvey," sobbed the child,

'I will always be your own Lillis." "Bravo!" exclaimed the old gentleman, who had recovered the use of his tongue, "you shall yet be my son. Harvey, Pforette as ernelly wronged you, but don't mind it, we will have our revenge, harmless, though sweet. Harvey, do you really wish me to give you my own Lil-lie?"

Yes, sir, she is not beautiful, but she has a good heart."

"Right, my boy, but she will be handsome when she is as old as Florette. At seventeen, Harvey, she is yours; that allows me five years acate her, and during that time you must travel. Our plan must be kept a profound seeret between us three. Remember, Harrey, when you return, it must then be kept incog, and then comes our revenge."

It was even so. In one week, Harvey Leston

had left the village, and Lillie, much to the natouishment of her mother and sisters, was sent to an excellent female seminary.

Mr. Gayland seldom spoke of Harvey Leston

-but when his name was mentioned jeeringly, there would be a smile of deep and quies meaning play over his benevolent features,
Summer came around again; and again was Mrs. Gayland, Irene, and Lucia at Saratoga; but

Florette was not allowed to go. In vain her mother coaxed-Mr Gayland was inexorable,-Floratte thought it was on account of her youth, but as summer after summer rolled away and ound her still at home, she knew it was a punishment, and felt it to be just."

Five years had passed away. Mr. Gayland

had been from homen week, and his wife and daughters wondered that he stopped so long. "Mamma," said Florette, "I should think you would know where he has gone; did he not tell

Strange! the mother had almost forgotten that she had a child, and that they had a sister. "Well," said Mrs Gayland, coldly, "I hope he has, for the chamber maid is going to leave me, and Lillie can take her place."

"In, mumma," lisped Lucia, "do you think after keeping her five years at —— Semi-nary, pape will allow her to come home and make beds for oat?" Lucia's New York equisite had deserted her,

and she was now twenty-five.

"We shall see," answered Mrs Gayland, with
a decided air, that hark, I hear a carriage—it "Yes," said Lucia, looking out of the window, "And there is a lady with him, but it cannot be killie, for she looks very handsome."

The door opened Mr. Gayland entered leading a young and beautiful girl. Advancing towards his wife and daughters, he presented her:

Maria, your daughter, Lillie, Lucia, Flor-Lillie, with a sweet smile, extended her hand, and notwithstanding an orident coolings on the part of her mother and sisters, she would press her pretty pouting lips to theirs.

"Well, Maris," said Mr. Gayland trimph-antly, "do you must Lillie he the kitchen now? or perhaps next summer you would like to ex-hibit har and Florette at Saratoga."

Count, who had accompained them home. Irene eye of Lillie that spoke of heaven born thought; was engaged to a rich Southeaser, while Lucia an expression of lofty purity sat enthroned on had made rapid progress in the affections of a ber paleid brow, while the soft cadence of her rolen was awenter music than the zephyr's harp. Liffic was divesting herself of her travelling dress, and Floreste, instead of assisting her, was gazing out upon the lawn. Suddenly she ex-claimed, while a slight blush tinged her cheek.

"Paps, look, do you know this gentleman who a appearaching? He was introduced here by Mr. Berwick, on the day after you left, and is the most agreeable man I ever met with. He must have traveled over the world, for his knowledge is boundless; and his manners are so distinguished, I am sure he has lived in the best society .-At times when he is speaking very earnestly, his voice resembles Harvey Luston's, and sometimes he fixes his eyes upon me just as Harvey

used to du. "Indeed, Florette," answered her farther somewhat sadly, "I hope you have not lost your heart. I know the young gentleman well, and he is engaged to a young lady of this village."

"He only visited here, and his eyes are always
Florette, but here, and his eyes are always
Florette, but here, he rings."
on Mr. Gayland himself opened the door and welcomed the gentleman by a hearty shake of the hand; then leading his youngest daughter

forward, he said:

"Harvey Leston, this is my daughter Lillie,
and your affineed bride."

The young man gozed upon her face a moment in admiring wonder, then kaceling, he said as in days gone past:

"You will be my own wife, Lillie-you will sever leave nor, laugh at me, as Plorette has And again Lillie threw her arms around his seck, and answered with a face of smiles and

"Oh, no, never, dear Harvey, I will always be your own Lillie." The rage of the mother, the chagrin of Florette, can be better imagined than described.— Mr. Gayland noticed them not, but taking the hand of his future son in-law, he said.

"Arise, our revenge is complete. Maria, your despised and neglected child is now superior, in wealth to be beauty, to either of your daughters. not be proud to call Harvey Leston usbabel. May the lesson you have learned be williable?

Florette, without visiting Saratoga, gave her hand to fir. Berwick, who had long sought it, but she mover looked upon the beloved and hon-ored Harrey Leston, without regretting that she

TALE OF BASHFULNESS. There is a certain misfortune in the world. not usually enumerated in the list of common fortunes, but which, nevertheless, ought to

Lafford a living illustration of my asser-My father, God rest his soul, sent me diligently to school; there I gained some knowledge, although our city schools at that period were

none of the best.

Every one said: Max has talent, but he is shy and awkward can not adopt himself to the ways of the world, is unacquainted with the useges of society, and never knows what to do with his bands and feet; otherwise he is a good

and clever fellow enough.

Such was the general opinion of me. Reader, do you perceive my failing? My worldly education was defective. Diligent at school and in the workshop; I was uncleanly and negligent of my attire; was civil, obliging, and houest, but sahful withal, so that I ran off when unknown persons approached; my eyes never knew where to look for a resting place when addressed by a stranger, and if called on to meet a lady with civility and politeness, I became rooted to the spot, speechless and stiff as a ramrod.

Eacagh-politoces and ease of manner, as they are called, are concerns no less pertaining to life's comfort, than bread and potatoes or a

Many young gentlemen, as I have often obhany a one in going into society is sadly at a loss hos to dispose of his extremities, and would, one can saily perceive, have much rather left them at home. Many such as unfortunate "No, I asked him and he refused to terrine,"
suid Mrs. Gayland, looking very sour.
"Oh, I can guess," exclaimed Florette, who seemed to be in high spirits, "he has gone to pair ranging being Liftle home."

Strange! the mother had about for the stranger of the other to his occiput, bere to acrete by way of variety.

Abong athor ill luck cotailed by my awkwarders, may be renkoned that of being stil a bachelor, of he jug reached my fifty-second year without ber hilessed with a wife. No sconer was by old Aunt dend, and I her

sole heir, thereby rendered comparatively affinent, than I, than in my thirtieth year, was led to seek the hand of a young lady, who, to other qualifications, added beauty, virtue, aminbility, nd wealth busides.

I was pleased with protty Barbara; matters were quickly arranged, and nothing remained but to cultivate the acquaintance. I was ac-cordingly to meet her at the house of her consin, and an invitation to ding was forwarded to

Of large parties I had a perfect horror, my education made meshy and timid, but then what will not a man do to secure the favor of pretty Barbaras So I put on my best Sunday suit, Barbarai. So a put on my best Sunday ant, white silk stockings, a bran new hair-bag and oppiosgreia coat with large pearl buttons. In a word, I made myself as amart as a bride-groom.

On renching the door of the consin's house however, my best began to thump against my ribs, as thought I had a smithy within my breath. "If I could only feel sunred there will the stock through I made to the country the could be the country that the second only feel sunred there will be the country that the second only feel sunred there it was the country that the second only feel sunred there it was the country that the second only feel sunred there is not second only feel sunred there is no second on the second only feel sunred there is no second on the second o hreath. "If a coals only not marred there will not be a party, though I would to Heaven it was over." Fortunately I found the consin alone making up an account in his study. "You are account into friend Stolprian," said he. I made twenty inclinations right and left, and laughed in a perfect agony to look agreeable, for the fear of mesting a large party engrossed A bitter smile was only the reply. Mrs. Gay-land saw that the poor, despised and insuited child, was beautiful—even more beautiful, than Florette; for there was a brightness in the dark

for some and. Anxious to be of service, I rush | At first, on seeing the plates and dishes close ed forward, seized, as ill lock would have it, the ly following on my heels, I could attribute inkstand justeed of the saud box, and poored a the frenk only to witchersit; but the coulsn whole stream of the best writing fluid over the neatly kept ledger. I though I should immediately faint from sheer fright, and in my confusion hurriedly drew forth my snow-white hand-kerchief to who it up.

With the stream of the best writing fluid over the springing with both fest on it. to it, together with the attaching button despite we will be attaching button despite we will a girk and brought, me to a sense of my situation.

I sought as fast as my legs could carry meant the kitchen—but the stairs flew across the

to the apartment where the company were assembled. I followed, but with a troubled spirit, I now laughst may helpless: sembled. I followed, but with a troubled spirit, I now laughest may helplessness. But my and on looking down was horrified to observe history may serve to many, not indeed for an an ink blot as large as a florin on my left white example, but for warning and instruction. stockin. "Help me, Heavens," I mentally grouned, "what will the company think!"

The room door is open. I awkward, block headed booby that I was thinking to show myself light and graceful; as well as clever and from the pen of Taxon of the Chicago Jourgallant, sprang forward, bowing right and left, nal, which touches the right chord in the bosocraping first with one foot then with the other oms of his readers. Instance the following, than in all directions, and perceiveing a fema e do-mestic just before, who was in the ac, of dishng up a pie, dashing my head with such force into her back as to send the pi: flying out of the dish on the floor, and so with compliments, and ducking and bowing blindly, advanced, I felt as though I were in the battle, and about to rush on the casmy's gons.

What civil things were said on the part of the company I knew not; as yet I had not the courage to look up, but continued like one pos-sessed, howing and scraping, and enjaculating "your humble servant," in all directions, until cutshort by a frosh mishap.

I had in fact reached the pic, which still lay there for the servant had a facilities.

there, for the servant had not sufficently recovered from her fright and loss of bresh, and stood stareing at the master-piece of cooking dashed to pieces on the floor, without an effort

All at once, while engaged in making a fresh iclination, my unfortunate left foot wandered into the pastry. I saw nothing for all had become dark before my eyes. Disgracefully but naturally enouge, my foot slid from under me, in an instant personal and political behance were less and down I came, measuring my whole length, just five feet seven, on the floor, to the no small alarm of some, the irrepressible laughter of others, of the large and worshipful company there assembled. naturally enouge, my foot slid from under me,

pany there assembled.

In falling I broke down two chairs, which I had seized hold of in order to save my self, to-gether with a young and pratty female who in all probability was at that moment about to that altar-place of home, begin to grow bright,

laughed too, and threw from time to time stolen glances at the cause of my misfortune.

At last we took our places at the table. The cousin was so gallant as to place me next arm-chair" in the corner, is drawn back; one and pretty creature, f felt most extraordinary into each other's faces, look beautiful to

The charming Barbara left the table. I stammered out sundry apologies. The guests endeady vored to console me, and a fresh plate was handed to me. Meanwhile my pantaloous were ed to me. Meanwhile my pantaloous were none with charm so potent, as the circle of streaming from an inundation. Barbara was light and of love around the old-fashioned obliged to change her dress. She soon returned firel and I endeavored again and again to exense myself as well as I could.

I felt somewhat reassured, and began to brush operate as strongly upon the rising generation

clatter. The games, on witnessing all the good you do pleas mark in you letter the form is things withdrawn, and many delicacies on which they are to be learnt and if you choose which they set their hearts come in full career any part you want me to learn just mark it so after me, ast open-mouthed and riveted to i may know how. Answer this as soon as you the spot with astonishment.

kerchief to wipe it up.

With an exclamation of "What on earth are street and did not halt till freached my own you doing there, friend Stolprian?" my enter-chamber. For four long weeks not a soul did not halt till freached my own you doing there, friend Stolprian?" my entertainer smilingly interposed, and pushing me and i admit to my presence, and from that day my black and white kerchief gently saids, I never thought of matrimout without a senquickly put things to rights, then led the way sation of giddinesss, and as to large parties the

home sketch z Down goes the mercury to the zero of Celius and Resnmur. Dawn it goes sgain to the 0 of Fahrenheit. The frost is creeping—creeping over the lower panes, one after another. Now it finishes a feather, now it completes a plume; now it tries its hand at a specimen of silver graining. Up, up, it goes, pane after pane, clouds and feathers and grains. Here a joint, there a null cracks like a craft in a rocking storm, but all is calm and cold as death. Clink goes a lorgotton glass in the pantry. The door latch is plated; half hidden nail heads here and there in the corners, are "silvered o'er with"

But what cared we for that, as we sat by the old fashioned fire! Back-stick, fore-stick, top-stick and superstructure, all in their places.— The coals are turned out from their glowing bed between the sentinel audirons—the old-time irons, with huge rings in the top. One of them has rested for many a day on a broken brick, but what of that? Many a beautiful tree, may, a

into the interstices of the structure; a wave or all probability was at that moment about to sent berself, but with a speed equal to that of her chair, came rolling on the floor besides me.—
Gracious heavens! it was Barbara.

Gracious heavens! it was Barbara. Gracious heavens! it was Barbars.

A terrible clamor arose, and as I lay there I little half-furled banner of crimson. roared lustily too, seeing in addition to myself uomes another and another, and down they go and the two chairs a lady stretched out on the again, the timid flames that they are? By and and the two chairs a lady stretched out on the floor. I felt pursuaded that a shock of earthquake must have taken place. To my great relief I soon discovered that no earthquake had caused this melancholy fall, but as aircady narrated only a veal pasty.

We got up. The comin treated the whole affects of the companies. Then they blend together a cone of flame. Then they turn into billows and best area of related and roll up the blackened. rated only a veal pasty.

We got up. The consin treated the whole affair as an excellent joke, but I could have wept, and breakers of red, and roll up the blackened may, died, with shame and verstion. I went to wall of the chimney, above the jamb, above the mantel piece without one word of apology, the mantle-tree, away up the chimney it roars, but as all were laughing and giggling around I white the huge "back-stick" below all hes like a great bar, and withstands the fiery serf that beats against it.
The circle of chairs is enlarged, the "old

to Barbara. I had rather have been situated is reading another is knitting, a third, a wee near a volcano than at the side of the amiable bit of a boy, is asleep in the corner; they look sensations while thus in juxtaposition with my other, and take courage and are content. There future bride. Of the assembled guests I ventur-ed only to take a rapid glance at intervals. d only to take a rapid glance at intervals.

Soup was served round. Barbara offered me pail in the corner gives a half lurch like the ome—but how could I accept it? She herself ministere ice-berg it is, and over it goes with was yet unprovided. Compliments were ex- a splash. The fire is gaining on it. The latch changed, and I already foresaw that some new and the nails loose the bravery of their silvering; evil world arise out of these civilities. Hence the circle round the fire grows larger; the old-fashioned fire has triumphed. It is summer imploringly into the face of my charmer forgot the plate altogether. The consequence was spring up around it; the music of memory fills that howeved the horizon around its Rathers'. the plate altogether. The consequence was
that I poured the burning soup into Barbara's
tap and over her clothes, and endeavoring hastily to withdraw it sout the remainder into my
own lap, deluging alike my garments and my finger napkin; it was a fraternal division. I remember all as though it was but yesterday.—

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I have p

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WANTED TO BE AS On perceiving that she had smiled graciously Acron .- The fascination of the sleet seem to I felt somewhat reassured, and began to brush the cold perspiration from my face, of course not with my hand, but with my pocket kerchief.

Alsa, amidst the accumulated disasters that had since occurred I had clean forgotten the ink business. In drying off the perspiration I rubbed in the ink so thoroughly, that on replacing the handkerchief in my pocket, the whole company were amazed to find me converted into a perfect blacksmoor.

Tittering and reary of lamentary mescanded.

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Tittering and roars of laughter succeeded. Politeness compelled me to join in the laugh, and I did so heartily for some time without knowing why or wherefore until I found that some of the ladies were becoming alarmed at the blackness of my visage, and now, for the first time, I perceived that my handkerchief had brought me into a frosh serage, and what an appearance I must present.

In alarm I arose precipilately from the table, and commensed a retreat towards the kitchen in order to wash myself, and in so doing, for I had insovertantly outloned a corner of the table naphin to my wasteoas, down came plates and dishes, boiled and roast ments, siled, spinach, bottles and salt sellars, flosh and fowl, knives and forks, spoons and glasses. All rushed after me with a fearful crashing and clatter. The guests, on witzensing all the good.